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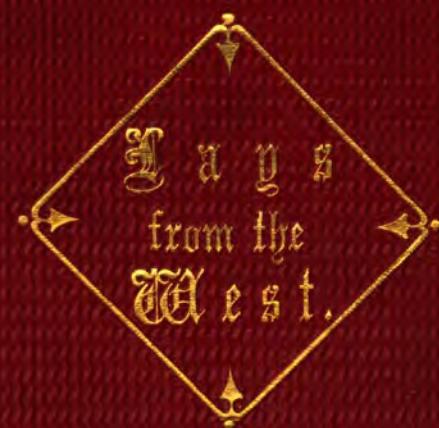
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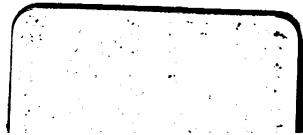
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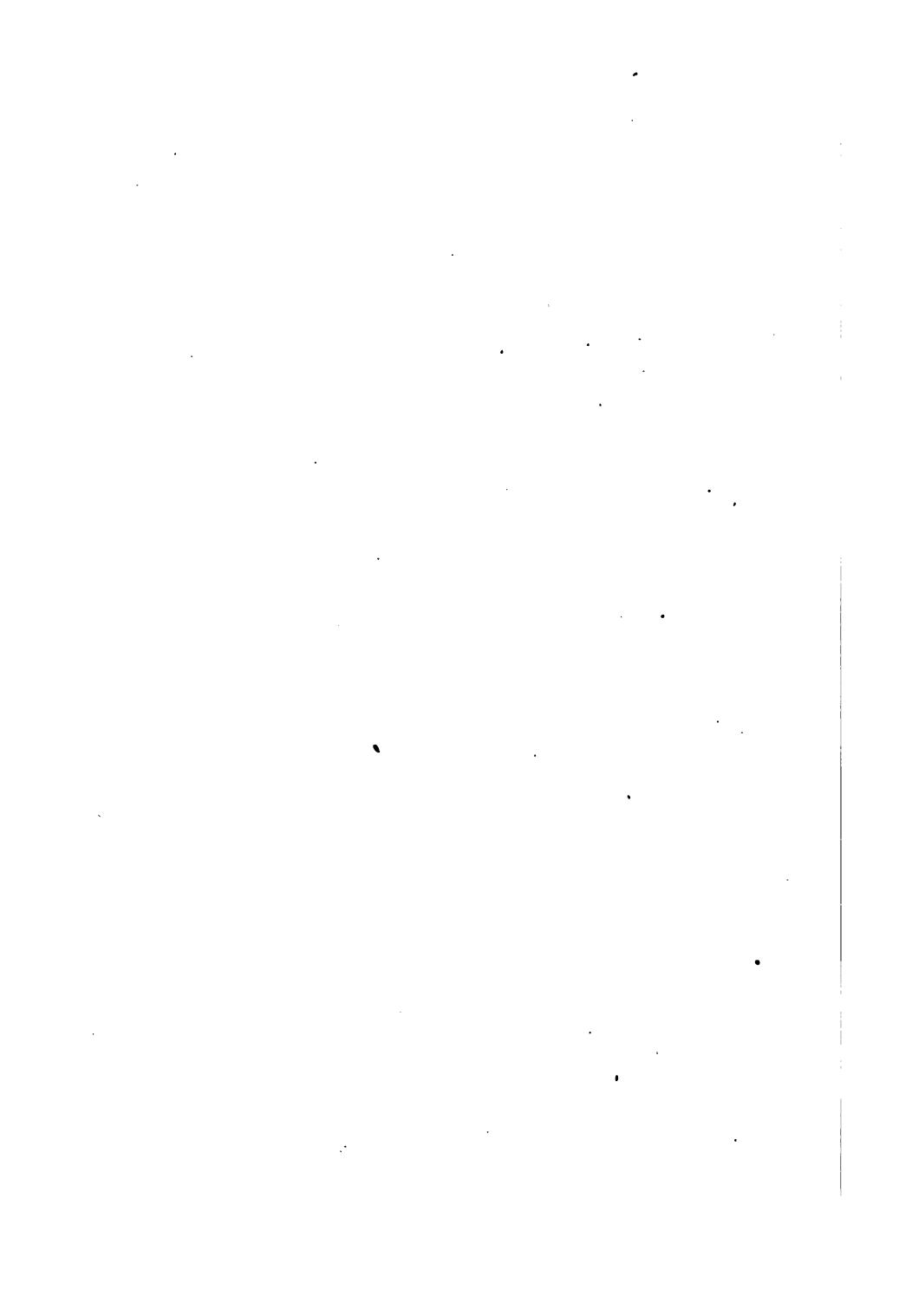
L a y s  
from the  
W e s t.



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# Lays from the West.

BY

MARY ANNE REEVE.

— “ Joys spring up amid distress,  
And Fountains in Life’s wilderness.”

© 1865

PRINTED AND SOLD BY H. GOTELER, BOOKSELLER, HIGH STREET.

SOLD ALSO BY

ROWE, BOOKSELLER, PENZANCE.

LONDON: HALL, SMART, & ALLEN, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1865.

280. f. 53.



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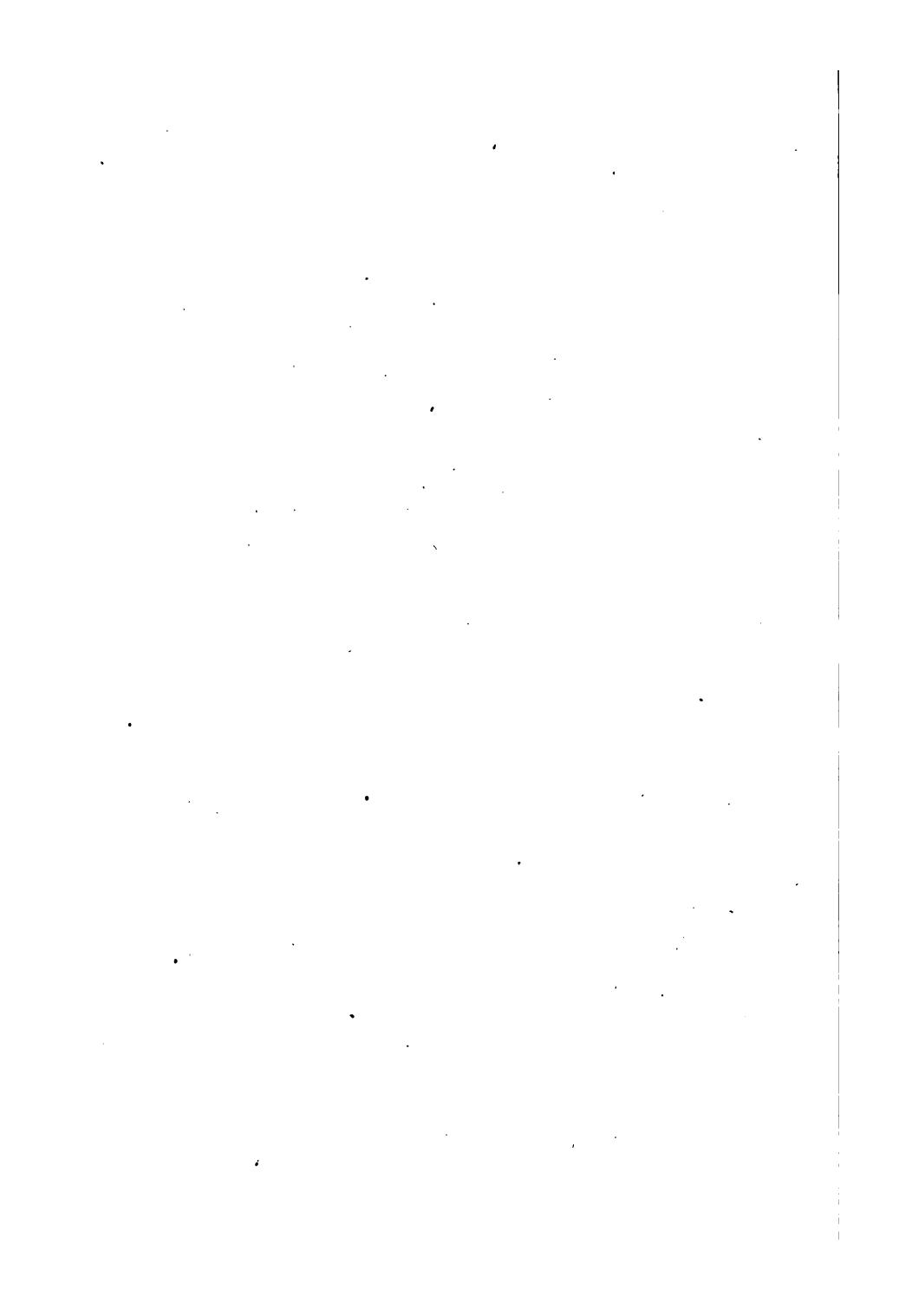
### MOST GRATEFULLY

To those Friends and Benefactors who have so generously patronised and promoted the publication of this little volume, the ingathering of moments deeply chequered by sad realities, yet ever cheered and solaced by kindly sympathies flowing from many a benevolent heart. This humble traverser goes forth in a spirit of hopefulness as well as appeal. There is an overruling Power, and none other, which can render any human work or device successful, in this I place my trust; may it abound through *that* medium commended as excelling all other christian graces, and which is, to the way-worn pilgrim in Life's wilderness,

“Sweet as a breath from Gilead's mountain air.”

M. A. R.

*Jan.*, 1865.



## LAYS FROM THE WEST.

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### POETRY.

There is joy, there is rapture nought else can bestow,  
In the visions which only a poet can know ;  
What region can bound them, what chain can enthrall,  
'Mid earth, air, and ocean ? they soar beyond all  
On Fancy's bright pinion of each glowing hue,  
She draws from the sunbeam, or drinks from the dew ;  
Yes, all are her vassals—the monarch, the slave,  
The bright glance of beauty, the deeds of the brave,  
The descendant of glory, and love's sweetest lay,  
'Tis Fancy, 'tis Poetry, only can sway :  
And these, the enchantments, art cannot control,  
That exalt, that subdue, that impassion the soul.  
O the joy and the rapture nought else can bestow,  
Are the visions which only a poet can know.

---

## MY COUNTRY.

Here's a pledge to thee, England, my country—thy name  
Is the watch-word that kindles the patriot flame;

Thou day-star and glory  
Of honor's bright story,  
Proud banners o'er thee wave,  
Land of the liege and brave,  
Matchless thy freedom, thy faith, and thy fame.

Here's a pledge to Victoria, the Queen of our Isle,  
Her shield be the guerdon of loyalty's smile;

Bright as the ocean's gem  
Set in her diadem,  
Bloom Albin's native flowers  
High o'er her regal towers :  
Blessed be Victoria, the Queen of our Isle !

Hail to thee, Princely Scion of Brunswick ! be thine  
That spirit which true hearts protect and enshrine :

Up to the azure sky  
Hope lifts her beaming eye,  
Love spreads his radiant wing,  
Joy wakes her golden string,  
Glory and union their garlands entwine.

---

## THE BRIDAL OF PRINCESS ALICE.

It was no festal scene,  
Her nuptial rite, daughter of England's Queen ;  
In England's palaces we still beheld  
That Sorrow like a grief-worn pilgrim dwelled.

It was no festal scene,  
Her nuptial rite ; with earnest, pensive mien,  
Like a sweet vision, so she passed along ;  
No voice of music, hushed were harp and song,  
No maiden bevy, like fresh lilies dight  
With braided hair and wreaths and robes of white,  
To grace the portals of that bridal day,  
No splendant pageantry, no proud array ;  
Her queenly mother for the royal pair  
In silence breathed a mother's inmost prayer ;  
Oh for a father's blessing ! who may tell  
It was not there with her he loved so well—  
His duteous ministering daughter ? spread  
A guardian œgis o'er her gentle head ;  
Such thought how soothing ! though we cannot know  
That sainted spirits watch o'er those below.  
It is a soothing, hallowed thought we love,  
Dwelling 'twixt earth and heaven ; that those above  
Look down in pity, veiled from mortal sight,  
Spirits beatified, enthroned in light.

A lovely flower gone from its native land,  
O be it cherished with a tender hand ;  
What boon so rich, what joyousness in life,  
'Tis heaven's own gift—the fond and gracious wife,

For noble heart the noblest guerdon meet ;  
Fair princess, thus thy chosen one we greet,  
The plighted troth, long sought, he now hath won,  
Of wedded bliss the dawning hath begun.  
Hope tells to happiness. O from above,  
Blessing on blessing crown such faithful love ;  
What if her name, her country she resign,  
England still holds her lineage, her line,  
And while we see the gallant ship depart,  
God bless our Princess ! flows from heart to heart.

---

## THE BRIDAL WREATH.

*Invocation.*

Entwine, ye gentle sisters three,  
Garlands of the brightest hues,  
Let each bud and blossom be  
Dipped in fresh Hesperian dews.

*First Sister.*

I have hastened away from my blissful home,  
Of shadowy groves and blooming bowers,  
Where the airs are light  
By day and by night,  
Perfumed by the breath of sweetest flowers ;  
Where blushing cheeks  
Are ever glowing,  
Where crystal founts  
Are ever flowing,  
While rapture is borne on the light-winged hours ;

Where the blue-eyed loves  
Are ever straying,  
And the fairy harps  
Are ever playing  
To maidens who peep from their gilded towers.  
O ! I bring, fair bride,  
From my garden of bliss,  
Its loveliest boon,  
It is this, it is this !  
A garland of lilies, the fairest, the brightest,  
Bud, blossom, and leaf,  
All intertwining,  
Like sunshine, and shadow  
In life are combining,  
Ah know'st thou young bride which in flying is fleetest?  
Yet buds may unfold  
As lovely and gay,  
When flowers now in bloom  
Shall have passed away,  
And then, it is then, they are dearest and sweetest.

*Second Sister.*

See ! I am come from my peaceful home,  
The moss-grown cell 'neath its beechwood bower,  
Where the noon tide beam  
On a wandering stream  
Reposes in joy through the breezeless hour ;  
While the waters flow  
With a gentle rushing,  
Like a cadence soft  
To slumber hushing  
The soul that is touched by melody's power ;

Deep in the shade  
Is my sylvan seat,  
And pure are the joys  
Of its blest retreat.

Ah who would exchange for the world's vain pleasure  
The moss-grown cell,  
The peace-woven bower,  
The leaf's changeless green  
For the fast-fading flower ?  
For life's transient glare, the heart's best treasure ?  
While the bridal rose  
In blushing flieh,  
Mine is the wreath  
That rarely dieth—  
The chaplet of gentle delights without measure.

*Third Sister.*

I fly, I fly, from my gladsome home  
Of halcyon smiles and golden hours,  
With happiness shining,  
With purity twining .  
A dew-spangled garland of morn's blisthest flowers ;  
While Constancy's eye,  
Serenely beaming,  
With glowing thoughts  
Of its loved one dreaming,  
Is twining a garland from myrtle bowers :  
And where upon earth  
Can dwell such bliss ?  
Or a gem be found  
More radiant than this  
Bright chaplet I bring from my garden of bloom ?

Will it fade? no, never,  
Its hues are divine,  
For the amaranth gloweth  
Round Constancy's shrine,  
And cheereth the heart amidst sadness and gloom;  
Then for thy brow  
My chaplet take,  
Its mystic charm  
Shall ne'er forsake,  
But its halo of tenderness rest on thy tomb.

*Sisters Three.*

Fair bride! we have sought and twined for thee  
Wreaths of the brightest ambrosial hues,  
Each bud and each blossom, as meet they should be,  
Have we dipped in the fount of Hesperian dews.  
Hail, Wedded Love!  
If thy home be sweet,  
In joy and in sorrow  
Thy bliss is complete.

---

THE ONLY ONE.

“ Linda, sweet Linda, must I part from her,  
“ My only one, of life and love my all :  
“ Twas the same voice that erst enchanted me,  
“ And my young heart responded to its call.”  
“ Trust me, O mother, shed nor tear nor sigh  
“ When thy loved daughter shall become my bride ;  
“ Nay, let thy widowed heart rejoice, thou too  
“ Shall be my care, and Linda at thy side.

“ Trust me, for mine is not the heart, the lip  
“ To mock that vow in holy fervor spoken ;  
“ What recks a coronet upon *her* brow,  
“ The wife deserted, when that vow is broken.

“ Woe to the base, dissembling, recreant heart,  
“ Which holds a second image in its shrine ;  
“ Oh ! it stands forth denounced in holy writ,  
“ With its requital graved on many a line.

“ Weep not dear mother, I will guide and guard  
“ Thy Linda’s happiness with tenderest care ;  
“ Hearts that are linked in hallowed truth and love  
“ Their weal and woe, their joys and sorrows share.

“ In truth I sought, in honor I have won  
“ Her first fond love, and know it is my own ;  
“ Were I a monarch ’mid the kings of earth,  
“ Without thy Linda I would spurn his throne.

“ Hers be the crown for woman’s brow so meet,  
“ Hers be the sway a wife beloved doth hold ;  
“ That sweet devotedness, that winning grace,  
“ These are *her* witcheries, these *our* chains of gold.

“ Trust me ; I’ll cherish *her*, and cherish thee,  
“ Thou shalt not mourn in solitude unblest,  
“ The sunlight of a daughter’s smile shall cheer  
“ Thy onward traverse to the place of rest.

“ Trust me with this lone treasure of thy heart :”  
Blessed the vows of sacred test and token,  
Holy as lamps within a sainted shrine,  
Their light is cherished, and the lamps unbroken.

## THE SMILE AND THE TEAR.

What in beauty so beautiful can we behold,  
As the smile which affection bestows ?  
It is sweeter than incense and brighter than gold,  
And pure as the breath of a rose.

It sheds round the heart in its happiest hour  
A halo of rapture and love,  
And brightly it glows with a magical power,  
Like a gem 'neath the light from above.

If so witching the smile is, what must be the tear,  
When deep from the heart it doth flow ?  
It is doubly sacred, and doubly dear,  
Being shed in the hour of woe.

Both, both are exquisite—blessed the smile  
Which beams in the moment of gladness ;  
And blessed the tear, which can softly beguile  
Or assuage e'en one moment of sadness.

## THE MOSS-MANTLED ROSE.

In her mantle of moss, 'neath the moon's silver ray,  
Thus breathed a young Rose-bud, as pensive she lay :—  
“ Fair queen of the skies, bright handmaid of heaven,  
“ What homage can reach thee ? what incense be given ?  
“ Ah ! would that to thee I could waft up a sigh  
“ As pure as the glances which fall from thine eye,  
“ Or a blush without blemish, a smile without dross ; ”  
And she sighed and she wept in her mantle of moss.

She knew not of sadness, no never before—  
How oft when it comes, to be banished no more—  
Her sigh was the gentlest, and silent her tear ;  
*That* was heard, though so soft, by a light zephyr near ;  
He wreathed it, he folded it under his wing  
In rapture ; none other such perfume could bring ;  
In sunshine and shadow it clung to his heart,  
And never again from that sigh could he part.  
The tear-drop was borne to a sun-weary flower,  
That fainted and drooped in a gay gaudy bower ;  
Yet not that cool tear-drop the victim could save,  
*Tho'* it soothed for a moment, she sunk in the grave,  
But there stood the tear-drop, in midnight's deep gloom,  
As a mourner in pity would bend o'er the tomb.

Again she looked up to the silvering sky ;  
No sigh in her bosom, no tear in her eye ;  
Half-hidden she glanced through her moss-mantled shade  
A blush and a smile the next tribute she paid ;  
And say what in purity, beauty, could be  
More bright or more perfect ? not Eden in thee !  
Then wherefore not claimed by the proud lord of day ?  
She spurned though 'twas golden his heart-burning ray.  
As saintly young spirits devoted to heaven,  
Their youth and their beauty rich guerdons are given,  
So adored that young rose-bud her queen of the sky,  
And feared no rude gaze from the glance of her eye ;  
At dawn or at noontide, 'mid twilight's deep close,  
With green shades around her, how calm her repose !  
And spirits with holiness loving to dwell,  
Be it cavern, or desert, or moss-mantled cell,  
Have a joy which it passeth all language to tell.

## THE BIRD OF THE BREEZES.

From Odin's bright halls, from his home in the skies,  
His glad way the Bird of the Breezes is winging,  
On a sunbeam o'er ocean and desert he flies,  
And swift to a fair maid of Britain came singing.

“ O what is thy song, pretty Bird of the Breezes ? ”  
“ List lady, I'll whisper it soft in thine ear,  
“ That heart which is thine sends a thousand caresses,  
“ And weary my wing is in wafting them here.”

“ Then rest thee, thou weary one ; fresh are the roses,  
“ And soft are their moss-buds, to pillow thy head ;  
“ And while 'mid their blushes thy tired wing reposes,  
“ A halo of perfume shall curtain thy bed.”

“ Nay, gentle lady—nay, bid me not tarry,  
“ The heart which adores thee will break if I do,  
“ The smile of the loveliest, this must I carry,  
“ And this, lady, this, can be only from you.”

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“ In Finland the Bee is called “ The Bird of the Breezes,” he flies to the sun—sings to the sun—plays in the moonbeams, and wanders from star to star.”

---

## SPRING.

Hail, thou loved and lovely guest!

Smiling, soft, celestial spring!

Fairest blossoms paint thy vest,

Gentlest zephyrs fan thy wing.

Sweet the incense of thy dawn,

Warbling choirs thy praises sing,

Slumber vanishes from morn,

Valleys with her echoes ring.

Nature wakes from rest profound,

Gladness cheers her pale cold shrine;

In unison above, around,

Hearts in gratitude combine.

Joyous stranger! welcome thou,

Hope stands tiptoe in thy train,

Health is buoyant on thy brow,

Welcome, welcome, once again.

## LONG SUTTON, IN HAMPSHIRE.

Who hath not felt the charm of many a scene?

Are there not pleasures too without alloy?

Sweet Sutton! thou to me hast ofttime been

A peaceful haven and a home of joy.

And do we not, when such loved hours are passed,

Do we not blend them with our richest store?

Fondly we cherish them, and to the last

Retrace the scenes gone by, the days of yore.

'Tis time tries troth ; 'tis friendship's highest test,  
Life's hard trial ; aye, in every phase  
If changeless friendship is of life the zest,  
Oh I have proved it in my darkest days.

And it is this on every trait doth fix  
Its hues indelible ; ah yes, so bright  
No other radiances can with them mix,  
No other memories can quench their light.

Is it not meet a grateful heart should sing  
The loving theme which soothes its grief and care ?  
Coming with gladness fraught, on gentle wing,  
Sweet as a breath from Gilead's mountain air.

---

#### THE HEART'S-EASE.

Why lovest thou the smiling vale,  
Yet on my bosom die ?

Why lovest thou the passing gale,  
Yet spurn a gentle sigh ?

Why shun the path I'm doomed to tread  
With such assiduous care ?

Lifting thy gold and purple head  
Amidst the blithe and fair.

Vainly the child of sorrow woos  
Thy soft assuasive power,  
Though born in shade thou dost refuse  
To cheer a drooping bower.

Then on the wings of pleasure go,  
Some happier brows entwine,  
Unloving and unmeet for woe,  
Thou canst not bloom on mine.

It little reckst—the garland gay—  
Soon doth its sweetness fly,  
Its blushing beauty, fresh to-day,  
Will ere to-morrow die.

---

#### THE BRIDEGROOM'S GRAVE.

Who wanders through the moonless night  
To the Bridegroom's lone grave side,  
With faltering step and trembling eye?

His fond-loved fair young bride.  
Then close beside her buried love  
Is laid her grief-worn head,  
Yet weeps she not—for breaking hearts  
No blessed tears can shed.

“Wake, wake,” she cries, “Oh sleep not thus—  
“Wake from thy sainted rest;  
“And leave me not in widowed woe  
“To mourn, when thou art blest.  
“No! give me, Death, thy pale cold shroud,  
“And take this bridal gear!”  
The last soft sigh her bosom breathed  
Fell on its loved one's bier.

## THE ONLY ONE.

Like joy from the heart in affliction's dark day,  
The fairest of flowers hath withered away,  
It hath withered—and oh! not one blossom is there  
To smile on our desert of sorrow and care.

It was tended with gladness and nurtured with love,  
It was bathed in soft dews from the heavens above,  
It was cheered by the first ray that crimsoned the dawn,  
And fanned by the fresh-wakened zephyr of morn.

Yet all was in vain, for the beautiful flower  
Had grief in her bosom and blight in her bower ;  
And fainter and paler, more drooping she grew,  
Till his mantle the cold hand of Death round her threw.

No zephyr could soothe her, no sunbeam could save,  
The loved and the lovely went down to the grave ;  
Oh fairest of flowers! asleep with the dead,  
The halo of love shall encircle thy bed.

## ON SEEING A CARRIER PIGEON.

If I had thy wings from the world I would flee,  
To a haven of rest on some far distant shore,  
Its pleasures no longer are pleasures for me,  
And its smiling delusions can flatter no more.

The day-dreams and pageants of folly are past,  
They sicken a heart when they cease to enslave,  
Yet round the poor ruin they cling to the last,  
And follow, how oft, to the brink of the grave.

Oh Life's shining paths point to deserts of woe—  
Tempt onward to bliss, while to sorrow they lead ;  
Thus lured by the syren of pleasure we go,  
Till lost in her mazes we cannot recede.

As awhile we glide down on her soft silver stream,  
With hope at the prow and with joy at the helm,  
How little of danger or shipwreck we dream,  
Tho' storms *may* o'ertake, and tho' gulfs *may* o'erwhelm

When fondly yet sadly recalling the past,  
We view the poor relics of early delight ;  
Too brilliant, too fragile, too fleeting to last—  
In anguish and heart-wrung we turn from the sight.

We flee from the world—its delusion, deceit,  
As a half-stricken deer from the hunter's shrill cry  
Takes refuge in some lone sequestered retreat,  
To shed her last tear and to breathe her last sigh.

---

### THE BROKEN VOW.

Go ! faithless one—I blush to own  
A love devoted all to thee ;  
Give to the golden prize thou'st won  
Those treacherous vows oft pledged to me.

With me 'tis true thou could'st not share  
That dazzling splendour wealth can buy ;  
But ah ! 'neath worldly pomp and glare  
Lurks many a pang and many a sigh.

I envy not thy destined bride ;  
Love is no rosy chaplet twining  
For her, the iron links of pride  
Are with deceptive lustre shining.

Go ! taste the bliss of Fortune's smile—  
Her gilded domes, her festal hours ;  
Go ! revel 'mid the joys awhile  
Of bounding steps and sparkling bowers.

And let not memory heed the past—  
The love—the vow so fondly spoken ;  
Nor that false deed—the worst, the last—  
A heart despised, deserted, broken.

But hark ! I hear the bridal song,  
The bridal train is brightly gleaming,  
The bridal pageant sweeps along,  
Their snowy veils and vestments streaming.

Now fare the well ! that tuneful peal  
Hath rung for me a funeral knell ;  
Soon shall this bosom cease to feel,  
These lips its tale of woe to tell.

Why doth distraction fire the brain ?  
Oh let me—let me—calmly die :  
But hark ! that dreadful peal again  
Comes trembling on a deep drawn sigh.

It comes in vain—the heart is wrung,  
No sigh can soothe, no balm can heal,  
Its silver chord is mute, unstrung,  
And it hath almost ceased to feel.

It loved but once—but once could love—  
Welcome the pang that life doth sever ;  
Wafted to bowers of bliss above,  
The spirit turns from earth for ever.

---

### WHAT IS LIFE?

Can we say what Life is? a pathway of pain,  
Its pleasure a phantom, delusive and vain ;  
We flutter in hope—disappointed we languish,  
And oft is our joy dimmed with tear-drops of anguish.

How changeful each prospect, how varied each hue,  
As time throws his shadowy tints o'er the view,  
Now gilded with happiness—clouded by sorrow,  
The smile of to-day may bring weeping to-morrow.

'Mid youth's glowing season, enchantingly bright,  
The world is a scene of untiring delight,  
Which fancy adorns, by her magical powers,  
With blossoms that spring from Hesperian bowers.

But ah! as we twine them, with hearts light and gay,  
Their beauty—their brightness is passing away!  
While culling for garlands the fairest, the sweetest,  
We reck not their charms oft in flying are fleetest.

Yet still we go onward, for hope sheds a ray  
From her fountain of light on futurity's way ;  
And if disappointment has clouded the past,  
We picture some brilliant Elysium *at last.*

And hope, blessed hope, if to life thou canst give  
But a *vision* of happiness—that is to live  
In the only Elysium life can bestow,  
Through mazes of darkness and deserts of woe.

## ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Whence is that voice of woe and wail—  
Deep moaning on the ocean gale ?  
It comes, it comes, from that distant shore  
Where Genius sleeps to wake no more.

Weep, oh ye kindred spirits, weep,  
That haunt the air, the earth, the deep;  
And where in peace thy Byron slumbers,  
Pour the requiescent numbers.

Though deep and heavy was the cloud  
Which o'er him cast a mystic shroud,  
How beauteous was the fitful ray  
Which gleamed athwart his devious way.

Rest to his manes—rest to his soul—  
Rest—where no troubled waters roll,  
That peaceful rest; when spirits rise  
By mercy wafted to the skies.

His muse hath wrought a magic spell,  
A charm that language cannot tell;  
Its love, its tenderness, impart  
Soft sympathy to every heart.

Its pathos melts, subdues the soul,  
Its rapture soars beyond control ;  
And oh that guilt should pity claim  
To weep o'er an unhallowed name ! \*

And who can stay the silent tear  
While musing on Medora's bier,  
Or young Zuleika's hapless doom,  
Or Conrad's fate, or Selim's tomb.

Oh when shall genius hail the light  
Of such an orb—so rich, so bright,  
Yet, ere its full meridian shone,  
Reft of its beams—its splendour gone.

“ Land of the beautiful and brave,”  
He died from dying thee to save ;  
Yes ! glowed for thee his soul, his lyre,  
With patriot and poetic fire.

Weep, Grecia weep ! ye muses mourn ;  
Let groves of cypress shade his urn :  
The silver chord he touched is broke,  
Stern Death, by thy relentless stroke.

A mute, a monumental shrine  
May note his high ennobled line ;  
While on her brilliant records Fame  
With radiant hand has fixed his name !

## HAPPINESS.

Say, can we find in this wide world  
A haven of repose ?

'Gainst which no stormy waves are hurled,  
No raging tempest blows ?

Say, is there in life's wilderness  
A flower that doth not die ?  
One cloudless ray of happiness ?  
Or hope which doth not fly ?

Is there a heart that hath not bled ?  
That doth not sorrow know ?  
Is there an eye that never shed  
The tear of shame or woe ?

Life's sparkling joys !—they kindle all  
In fancy's gilded dream ;  
Then vanish like the drops which fall  
On mountain, rock, and stream.

A shade pursued, but ever lost !  
A leaf before the wind !  
A barque upon the ocean toss'd !  
A gem no search can find !

---

## THE ROSE OF WATERLOO.

## GATHERED AND GIVEN TO A BRITISH OFFICER.

“ It is the last ! ” Benita sighed,

“ Accept this humble flower ;

It is the last of all that looked

So gay in yon fair bower.

“ Bereft of home, bereft of all

Within my cottage door,

My brave ones on the battle field

Shall come to me no more.

“ Sweet rosebud ! from thy lonely stem,

‘ Mid all thy rich perfume,

I take thee, lest some ruder hand

Should seize thy early bloom.

“ Go to a happier, brighter land,

There seek a loving smile,

Go—deck the wreath for beauty’s brow

In Britain’s peerless isle.

“ Transplanted to her peaceful clime,

Fanned by her gentle gale,

No cruel blast shall bow thy head,

No reckless hand assail.”

She gave it : from her soft dark eye

A tear of anguish fell ;

The soldier’s heart enshrined that tear

As a gem in its ocean cell.

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This little incident is recorded in “ Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolk.”

## THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

## A TALE OF WATERLOO.

Far o'er the mountains wild and free,  
Deep in the lowland vale,  
Sounded the voice of liberty  
On every southern gale.

The baron left his lordly tower,  
The knight his ancient hall,  
The lover his fair lady's bower,  
When "Freedom" was the call:

High rose the martial spirit, fired  
For country, king, and laws;  
All were, with patriot love inspired,  
Brave champions in their cause.

And thou, O Caledonia! thou  
In honor—glory bright,  
Mayst lift thy snow-encircled brow  
Far o'er thy hills of light.

Let minstrels wake the slumbering lyre,  
Its highest descant raise;  
And poesy—do thou inspire  
To loftiest songs of praise.

Yet, minstrels, mingle with the lay  
Strains of the deepest woe;  
Forget not those, whom, far away  
The foeman hath laid low.

The arrow struck, and nought could save,  
De Lancey dropped—he died;  
The sword of honor wrought his grave,  
And warriors wept beside.

Bereaved, distracted, Edith fled  
From old Dunaldie's tower,  
With heaven alone to shield her head,  
Through midnight's fearful hour.

The broochless tartan o'er her breast  
Unconsciously she holds;  
And floating round her snowy vest,  
Revealed its airy folds.

O'er mountain steep, through tangled glen,  
The lonely wanderer speeds;  
Nor desert wild, nor robbers' den,  
Nor stormy blast she heeds.

The dangers of the land o'erpast,  
The perils of the deep  
Alike she braves, as o'er the mast  
The angry surges sweep.

“ Blow, blow ye winds,” poor Edith cries,  
“ Oh speed me to that shore  
“ Where fought my love in martial pride,  
“ And sleeps to wake no more.  
“ Yes, I will seek the tented plain,  
“ And raise thy fallen head,  
“ Though buried low, 'mid heaps of slain,  
“ Upon its shroudless bed.

“ Yes, I will wash thy blood-stained brow,  
“ And close in peace thine eye,  
“ Where all was light and life—but now  
“ Where death and darkness lie.

“ Woe to the bugle’s treacherous blast  
“ That called my love away ;  
“ Oh wherefore fled our dream so fast ?  
“ It was too bright to stay.”

Dark Soignée ! 'neath thy lofty shades  
Her faltering steps are bent,  
And silence now that gloom pervades  
By hostile thunders rent.

All was so still—nor earth nor heaven  
Gave sign of mortal life,  
It seemed as man with man had striven  
Till none were left for strife.

’Twas midnight—when the cannon’s roar  
And clash of arms doth cease,  
When many a red hand’s toil was o’er,  
And many a soul at peace.

High rose the moon—but scarce her glance  
Had caught the crimsoned plain—  
Scarce trembled on the broken lance,  
Ere shrunk that glance again.

Then breaking from her dark retreat,  
Such pitying look she bent,  
In tenderness, so soft, so sweet,  
As by an angel sent.

Who wanders on the battle plain  
In hour so dread and drear?  
The guardian of some warrior slain  
From her Elysian sphere?

So wan the cheek—so dim the eye—  
So still the bosom fair,  
It might be thought nor smile nor sigh  
Had once expanded there.

It stops, it stands a moment's space  
Beside some hero slain;  
Then with a still more hurried pace  
It onward glides again.

Another pause, another gaze—  
Might wring a heart to brook—  
The full, the fixed, the wild amaze,  
All gathered in that look.

As lightning rends the murky cloud,  
And sweeps the starless sky,  
So bursts pale terror from her shroud,  
And fires the rayless eye.

Quick as the melting waters roll  
Forth from their ice-bound cell,  
Distraction rushes through the soul  
With deep conflicting swell.

The foot no longer speeding fast,  
The drooping hand of snow,  
The racking brow, and look upcast,  
Proclaim it speechless woe.

But oh it doth proclaim her, too,  
No spectre of the night,  
No being fancy gives to view  
In visions fair and bright.

'Tis her—De Lancey's widowed bride,  
He left her for the fight,  
And dreamed he not, in patriot pride,  
No more to bless his sight.

And never did a purer gem  
A hero's heart enshrine;  
Nor wedded love his diadem  
With pearls more beauteous twine.

Ah! wherefore is it fairest flowers  
So oft untimely fade—  
Are ruthless snatched from blithesome bowers  
To droop in sorrow's shade?

She loved—was loved; alas, how vain  
The lamp ethereal shone!  
Suspended from a golden chain—  
That broke—the light was gone.

Behold her now, on bended knee,  
Her beauteous head laid low,  
In all the rending agony  
Of speechless, tearless woe.

She gently raised his fallen head,  
Gazed on each deadly wound,  
Then laid it on the tartan bed  
Her trembling fingers douned.

And then she held his clay-cold hand,  
Unlocked the steel-clad vest,  
She loosed the helmet's iron band,  
Which on his pale brow pressed.

She kissed that brow, that blood-stained brow,  
She kissed it o'er and o'er,  
Then parted with her hand of snow  
Its deep dyed locks of gore.

The ring she pledged in joyous hour,  
The scarf she gaily wrought  
With many a rich and lovely flower  
By glowing fancy taught,

Oh these were spared amid the spoil—  
E'en rapine's lawless band  
Will from such sacrilege recoil,  
And plunder's lure withstand.

Perhance how savage—fierce soe'er  
The spoiler's rugged soul,  
Some relic loved, some pledge as dear,  
Might his rude touch control.

For where the spirit stern and dark  
That owns no tender sway?  
That owns not one electric spark  
Of love's celestial ray?

Poor Edith! Honor's blazing star  
Uprose with flaming crest,  
And lured him from his bride afar,  
On the battle field to rest.

And she, of Scotia's land the flower,  
Bends o'er his shroudless clay ;  
A ruin now her bridal bower,  
And swept its bloom away.

No balm the breaking heart can heal  
Or soothe—life's link must sever ;  
Its constancy time cannot steal ;  
Such love—it changeth never.

Short the conflict—while to her breast  
The death-bound warrior clasped ;  
Against his brow her pale cheek prest,  
In hers his hand still grasped.

She moved not, and her azure eye  
Fixed in its last lone gaze ;—  
So passed away her latest sigh ;—  
But on her wan cheek plays,

Morn's gentle zephyr, soft and sweet,  
Fresh from his forest lair ;  
No wonted welcome now to greet ;  
Nor smile, nor blush is there.

Dunaldie, on thy bannered tower,  
High o'er the portal gate,  
Stands lonely, like thy guardian power,  
The dark-plumed bird of fate.

No more within thy lofty halls  
Shall festal joy resound,  
No more within thy olden walls  
Their hero's footsteps bound.

No more along thy smiling vales,  
Deep glens, and mountains bare,  
Shall Edith woo their softer gales,  
Or taste their blither air.

That bower she loved in her native land,  
Uncheered by her glad eye,  
Uncherished by her tending hand,  
Must wither, droop, and die.

But thou, O Caledonia ! thou  
In honor—glory bright,  
Shalt lift thy laurel-circled brow  
Far o'er thy hills of light.

---

### A LAMENT FOR THE BRAVE

#### IN THE CRIMIAN WAR.

From whence that piteous voice of wail ?  
That surge-moan on the wintry gale ?  
Borne on the waves from a distant shore,  
Where thousands bled to breathe no more.

Weep, oh ye dark-winged spirits weep,  
Amid the air, the earth, the deep ;  
And where those countless brave ones slumber,  
Pour the death-chords requiem number.

Their fate hath wrought a tender spell  
Round many a heart ; words cannot tell  
How keen the grief, how fierce the ire  
Of kindred love—of patriot fire.

But on her crimsoned banner, Fame,  
Doth deeds of twice ten thousand claim ;  
But sacred rite, nor holy shrine  
There sanctifies or name or line.

Outstretched—they know not shade or shroud,  
Save pall of night, or pitying cloud ;  
While many a brother's quivering eye,  
Turns on the dead to gaze and die.

On glory bent—how dread their fate,  
To perish at the foeman's gate,  
'Mid famine, pestilence, and pain,  
Where moans and cries for help are vain.

For Britain's isle and Britain's queen  
These brave ones left their homes, and e'en  
Defied the northern blast, with all  
The misery that could on them fall.

Let Britain's isle her guerdon send,  
And prove the widow's— orphan's friend ;  
Let Britain's queen, with liberal hand,  
Bestow her bounty through the land.

Let Britain's sons, high-born and low,  
Matrons and maidens, feel the woe  
Of those bereaved ones far and near—  
Their anguish soothe, and stop the tear

With patriot sympathy and aid ;  
And never let this tide be stayed !  
But onward flow, from shore to shore,  
Till time and tide shall ebb no more.

---

## THE MATIN HYMN.

Hark ! yon bell hath ceased its ringing,  
And the matin hymn is singing ;  
Sweetly o'er the troubled soul,  
Sweet its heavenly changes roll ;  
Now amid the breezes playing,  
Now amid the clouds delaying,  
There they rest—then pass away  
To realms of everlasting day.

Soft awakener of feeling,  
O'er the senses gently stealing,  
Thee, O Melody ! we bless—  
Sister thou of Holiness !  
O'er the crimsoned waters flying,  
List ! the saintly chant is dying—  
Caught by seraph wings, that strain,  
On earth can never wake again !

---

Child of Earth, to the realms on high  
Direct thine heart, uplift thine eye ;  
Before the footstool humbly bend,  
Of God thy Father, Christ thy Friend.  
Mercy, and all-redeeming Love,  
Rejoice to waft thy prayers above ;  
The prayer of faith—the spirit's prayer,  
O these will find acceptance there !  
While heaven-born peace—so pure, so blest,  
Shall soothe and sanctify the breast.  
Hope shall arise, and joy shall glow,  
Unstained by human guilt or woe,  
Kindling beneath that holy ray  
With light which passeth not away.  
Direct thine heart, uplift thine eye,  
Child of Earth to the realms on high.

---

TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND IN HER LAST  
ILLNESS,

WITH A NOSEGAY OF HER FAVORITE FLOWERS.

The sweet, the soft blue violet,  
Reminding oft of thee,  
This meek and gentle floweret  
For eye will cherished be ;  
Not only 'neath a summer sun  
Its fragrance is imparted ;  
'Mid wintry skies—so many shun,  
The violet blooms, true-hearted.

## WITH A BIRTH-DAY PRESENT.

Go—warm with affection, and gladness sincere,  
Go—swift with their breathings to one I revere,  
And bear on thy wing what the muse shall impart,  
The dictates of gratitude, fresh from my heart.

And what if no eloquent numbers she trace,  
Redolent with eloquent, classical grace ;  
There's a spirit within to illumine each line,  
Its fervour is deeper, though it cannot outshine.

Though years have rolled onward—how many, how fast,  
And each seems in passing more swift than the last,  
Yet the current of time still serenely doth go,  
While blessing on blessing seems with it to flow.

And flow—flow ye on, though in life's chequered scene  
Its sunshine is saddened, and clouds intervene ;  
May the heart's invocation, its pleading, its love,  
And its prayer meet response from the Spirit above.

Be the wish I now cherish enduring and bright !  
Like a gem in its radiance, encircled with light ;  
And O when no longer it gladdens the eye,  
Enshrouded in darkness and sorrow it lie,

Then—then shall fond memory turn to the past,  
And dwell on the image she loved to *her* last !  
While a soft, soothing whisper is poured in her ear,  
“ He is gone to that holier, happier sphere,  
“ To the haven appointed, the saints' hallowed rest,  
“ His home in those mansions prepared for the blest.”

There was a time when life could charm,  
When hope could smile, and joy look gay,  
When nought could grieve, and nought alarm,  
But rapture stole each hour away.

Alas ! 'twas but a passing dream,  
Which floats before the youthful eye,  
A bright and evanescent gleam  
Playing beneath the morning sky.

The lovely garland fancy weaves  
Is sought 'midst amaranthine flowers,  
Of rosy buds and vernal leaves  
Just peeping from their dewy bowers.

Ah wherefore, fate, why steal from time  
Each blushing, bright, Hesperian hue ?  
And wherefore rob life's fleeting prime  
Of all its balmy sweetness too ?

How brief, how vain is earthly bliss !  
A graspless shade, a flickering light !  
Luring to many a dark abyss,  
Then vanishing from mortal sight.

## "WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

I gazed—'twas on a faded leaf,  
Memorial of my doom—  
Short as its vernal power and pride,  
Thus short life's fading bloom.

A rough blast came—'twas borne away,  
Far o'er the desert drear ;  
The day, the hour of death, too, are  
As sure—perchance as near.

That faded leaf, 'twere vain to seek,  
'Tis gone, the branch is bare ;  
Though often seen, how soon forgot  
It ever had been there.

The bright, the brave, the beautiful,  
All, as that leaf, must fade ;  
A moment shine, a moment bloom,  
Then vanish into shade.

## THE YOUNG AND THE BEAUTIFUL DIE.

Thou art not lost—thou lovely one—  
Thou art not lost, but flown  
To regions of celestial bliss,  
And spirits like thine own.

Oh ! thine it was too pure, too bright  
For this inglorious sphere ;  
'Twas meet for heaven, and heaven alone,  
Then wherefore linger here ?

Faith, on her cross reposing, points  
To realms of sainted love ;  
And those whose hearts are linked on earth  
Shall part no more above.

Shed not a tear—hope whispers soft,  
She is not lost, but flown  
To mansions of eternal bliss,  
And spirits like her own.

---

#### THOU ART GONE.

The mandate came—and thou art gone—  
Of life almost the all ;  
What visions have for ever sunk  
Beneath thy funeral pall !

The eye may weep, the heart may grieve,  
What recks or sigh or tear ?  
They cannot bring thee back again  
From death's sepulchral sphere.

And who would break thy sainted rest ?  
Or call thee from the skies ?  
Though fond Affection mourn—her hopes  
To heaven and thee arise.

But ah ! 'mid human woes the tear  
Of human grief will fall ;  
Though the tried spirit humbly bends  
Submissive at the call.

No *earth-born* gladness cheers the heart  
In desolation bent,  
Yet is there not one *hallowed* ray  
By mercy's angel sent ?  
There *is*—from those seraphic realms,  
    Refulgent, boundless, bright ;  
There *is*—with peace and promise fraught,  
    Which lifts the raptured sight,  
To Him, the mourner's Father, God—  
    To Christ, the mourner's friend—  
And spirits circling round the throne,  
    'Mid joys that never end.

---

#### THE DAYS THAT HAVE BEEN.

How sad, yet how sweet, by a soft lonely stream,  
Just tinged by the light of a sun-setting beam,  
To inhale the soft fragrance of fresh breathing flowers,  
And in fancy transport them to far distant bowers  
Once blooming ; but now, perchance, ruined and low,  
Where the rose no more blossoms, nor green myrtles  
grow,  
While memory steals back to many a scene  
Of joys that are flown, and the days that have been ;  
That have been ! that ne'er will, nor can be again :  
With what mingled emotions of pleasure and pain  
She hangs on the moment, the look, and the voice,  
The accents, the smiles that were wont to rejoice ;

And fain would the past with the present compare ;  
But no feature, no trait of resemblance is there.  
Bright visions ! they faded in life's early dawn,  
Like orient blushes that crimson the morn.  
Alone now she wanders—no friend is there near,  
No heart-loved companion the spirit to cheer—  
In silence unbroken she lists to the swell  
Of each breeze as it murmurs a passing farewell,  
And those far-flowing waters that soothingly roll  
Like a deep-wakened melody over the soul.

---

### THE DEPARTED.

Why do we weep for those no more ?  
Why ponder on the days of yore  
For ever, ever, gone ?  
Why muse on days and moments past,  
As though their pleasures e'en should last  
For us and us alone ?

We soar on Hope's elastic wing,  
We dip in Joy's ethereal spring,  
Nor heed a dire abyss ;  
Hope like a mountain bird doth fly,  
Joy like a stream glides swiftly by,  
And such is human bliss.

In hours of bitterness and woe,  
The tide of anguish e'en will flow,  
For hearts that feel must bleed ;

And oh how exquisite, how dear,  
Affection's sympathetic tear,  
Pale sorrow's gentlest meed.

And what is Life? a fairy dream—  
A sun-glance on the trembling stream—  
That dazzles, cheats the eye;  
We wake—and lo! that vision bright,  
We gaze—and lo! that golden light  
Is broken—passed by.

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#### GRIEF IN THE PALACES.

England beholds her queen in grief bowed down,  
Wrapped in the weeds of woman's deepest woe,  
Her heart's beloved one in his death-bed sleepeth,  
The royal mourner by that death-bed weepeth.

Is there not sympathy in every home—  
A household word *his* name, by all revered;  
A nation's gratitude is softly breathing  
Incense most sweet, each hallowed thought enwreathing  
High was his destiny—its sacred trust  
With deep intent devotedly he wrought;  
A husband's, patriot's, earnest love was there;  
Foreshadowing wisdom, ever watchful care.

He swerved not from that straight right-onward path,  
By truth enlightened, and by zeal inspired;  
The heaven-ordained behest, obeyed, how well,  
Britain's responding heart and voice shall tell.

Triumphant rose her sceptre's gracious sway,  
Shedding a world-wide and a gladdening light,  
Yet concentrating on her own loved isle,  
Great 'neath her rule, and radiant 'neath her smile.

Blessed memorials ! England is their shrine,  
Long may they dwell reflected and enthroned,  
Onward, and onward in their royal line,  
Firm and unbroken, clasped with love divine.

God help thee, royal lady ! lift thy head;  
Thy lamp shall not in utter darkness sink ;  
There is a light which points to endless day,  
Thine be that light—it passeth not away.

God help thee ! though bereaved thou art not left  
Lone and deserted ; no, a loving band  
Encircleth thee. O may thy princely son  
Grace the rich laurels which his father won.

Grief still abideth in her palaces,  
Still rends the heart of England's own loved queen.  
But O that sainted spirit's glorious rest !  
His crown immortal ! With the brightest, best, }  
Rejoicing evermore in God's behest. }

## CLAREMONT :

A MONODY FOR THE BELOVED AND LAMENTED  
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

There is a voice of woe, a voice of wail,  
Hark ! it comes moaning on the fitful breath  
Of troubled night ! how every heart doth quail—  
Amazed—appalled ! it is the wail of death.

Well mayst thou weep, blest spirit of the skies,  
Celestial Hope ! thy Charlotte is no more ;  
This star hath set, and set no more to rise  
In matchless beauty on its native shore.

Pure was its ray, in heavenly lustre bright,  
Its radiance gladdened, shone alike on all,  
All felt and all adored the sacred light,  
All felt, and trembled 'neath its sudden fall.

Death, darkness came with wild conflicting sweep,  
No sombrous shades forewarning intervene ;  
But desolation rushed, as o'er the deep  
Thunders a storm-wave, shrouding o'er the scene.

Is there no rescue from the sateless grave ?  
No ! youth and age must intermingled lie ;  
Gold cannot ransom, greatness cannot save,  
To spare the happy—bid the wretched die.

Never was wedded love of lovelier mien—  
Radiant with goodness, dignity, and youth ;  
While close beside, where'er they moved, were seen  
Two gentle guardians—Constancy and Truth.

Life's soul endearing charms! what are ye now?  
As the spent dew on earth's cold bosom shed;  
As tender blossoms riven from their bough;  
As pure pearls crushed within their ocean bed.

Locked is her heart within its icy cell,  
That heart which sympathised in weal and woe,  
Where every kindly feeling loved to dwell  
That ever dwelled in human heart below.

And her fair hand in love so lately plighted,  
Is plighted still, e'en to the last dread hour;  
Nought could its firm grasp loose save death's stern  
might—  
Conquering the mightiest with resistless power.

Peace to thy troubled soul—illustrious chief!  
Though ruthless Fate hath wrought her deadliest  
blow,  
Heaven hath a balm for every human grief,  
Heaven hath a solace for the direst woe.

Thine be that peace which passeth not away,  
Which bids the spirit o'er its anguish rise,  
Which soars in faith o'er this sublunar day  
To realms that change not, bliss that never dies.

Lo! as thy Charlotte takes her heavenward flight,  
Seraphic harps by angels hands are rung;  
And softly, sweetly, through the hours of night,  
Her requiem by an angel host is sung.

Mourn we her transit from a world like this ?

A Saviour's love redeeming bade her rise ;  
To hail her, daughter of the realms of bliss,  
A thousand hallelujahs fill the skies.

Fair saint ! from sceptres and from kingdoms fled,

No earthly crown was rich enough for thee ;  
But glory holds o'er thy unsullied head  
A diadem from every tarnish free.

Then weep not—'tis a holy, high behest,

Enthroned she dwells in beauty, young and bright ;  
A sister seraph—with the blessed, blest—  
Shining resplendent in her orb of light.

But thou, Britannia, mayst thy vigil keep,

And bend in silence o'er that cold, mute shrine,  
Where rests thy loved one. Oh, how many weep  
For this fair daughter of thy regal line.

Rend thou the laurel from thy helmed brow,

It ill befits thee in thy sorrowing shade ;  
Thine be a chaplet from the cypress bough,  
Most meet with thy torn locks of woe to braid.

Thy shores the proud Atlantic still may lave

From age to age, unconquered, uncontrolled ;  
But gently rising o'er thy western wave,  
Star of such beauty, never more behold.

## CLAREMONT AND RICHMOND.

The Duchess of Nemours and the Duchess of Orleans, called from their earthly homes to their heavenly rest, were beloved, honoured, and lamented, not only by their bereaved families amid their chosen shades of retirement, but also by many a sympathising heart amongst the people of England.

Ye shades of Claremont, through thy portals wide,  
Again the dark-plumed panoply is seen,  
Bearing a loved one to her deep-wrought tomb,  
Where light, nor life, nor love can intervene.

Scarce ceased that knell—another shaft hath sped,  
Another fond maternal heart is still,  
To throb no more—hushed is its troubled beat,  
Whose fervor death's cold hand alone could chill.

Oh! grave, those sister spirits are not thine ;  
Thine is the mansion of our earth-born clay,  
That sightless, senseless, breathless, kindred dust,  
Unmeet, undestined for immortal day.

For them, the golden, everlasting gate  
At the behest of all redeeming love,  
Unfolds ; and heralds, silver toned, proclaim  
A Saviour's welcome to the courts above.

Their heaven-tuned voices, harps celestial, wake ;  
Again, their softest hallelujahs rise ;  
Again, the band of sister seraphs hail  
These—early chosen for the radiant skies,

Where trust, and faith, and hope divine repose—  
    Trust, in the word that every true one trieth,  
Faith, in a Saviour's anguish on the cross,  
    Hope, on whose wing each ransomed spirit flieh.  
Honored and blessed that land, where noble hearts  
    Find refuge 'mid the storms of life and fate,  
Where, 'neath the shield of sympathy they dwell  
    In peaceful homes, unscathed by strife or state.  
They have borne witness, this, the guerdon sweet  
    Of our brave country, Britain's peerless isle ;  
She loved, she cherished, yea, as if her own,  
    And bade them welcome with her warmest smile.  
She sought to gladden every hour—to smooth  
    Their painful traverse thro' this mournful gloom ;  
Then plucked a bright leaf from her laurelled brow,  
    And wreathed it with the lilies round their tomb.

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### INVOCATION.

Thou Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,  
    Thou Majesty on high !  
Look down on earth's poor finite things  
    With mercy's pitying eye.  
Jesus, thou Saviour, Prince of Peace !  
    The contrite sinner's friend—  
Ne'er shall thy tender pleading cease,  
    Nor love redeeming end.

Thou Holy Spirit, power divine,  
Shed on our hearts thy ray ;  
Into their depths and darkness shine,  
And light our trembling way.

Speed us to Sion's glorious mount,  
To Salem's beauteous towers,  
To Jordan's stream—Bethesda's fount,  
And Calvary's dark bowers,

There rest we, till our sorrowing lays  
To hallelujahs rise ;  
And the rapt soul, in prayer and praise,  
Is wafted to the skies.

---

#### THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

High o'er the cross behold the crown,  
For sainted brows to wear ;  
Nor ruthless hand, nor grievous thorn,  
Can mar or mingle there.

Behold the cross ! what diadems  
Can with it ever vie ?  
Faith, hope, and love, its radiant gems,  
Too bright for mortal eye.

Behold the crown ! O who may dare  
That holy crown to win ?  
They, who the cross triumphant bear  
O'er Satan, self, and sin.

And who are they? A glorious band,  
Erst slumbering in the grave—  
The ransomed from their bondage land—  
The lost, with none to save,  
Till He—the priceless, precious one—  
The best beloved came;  
“ Father,” he said, “ thy will be done ! ”  
“ Be glorified thy name ! ”  
“ And if the cup, the bitter cup  
“ Of human guilt and woe  
“ Must be wrung out,—I drink it up,  
“ E’en though it overflow.  
“ Oh Father! let *my* will be thine,  
“ That *all* should come to Thee!  
“ Let mine be thine, and thine be *mine*;  
“ *Thus* glorify thou me ! ”

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#### THE HARP OF JUDAH.

Wake, harp of Judah! wake again,  
To breathe a yet more hallowed strain;  
Let themes of glory, songs of praise,  
Fill thy descant, tune thy lays.

’Mid their scathed boughs, shall leaf and flower  
Lift up their heads ’neath Sion’s tower;  
Though thou in solitude hast hung  
So long, with every chord unstrung.

What, though that sage, that master hand,  
Whose mighty sway ruled Israel's land,  
No more thy sacred voice inspire,  
Nor touch thee with prophetic fire,

Yet, harp of Judah wake again !  
Wake, to a nobler, loftier strain ;  
Let Joy replume her radiant wing !  
Let gladness sweep thy golden string !

To Israel's land there comes a voice  
From highest heaven—it says "rejoice!"  
Of Bethlehem's star behold the light !  
It gleams, it gleams on Israel's night.

Hail, glorious light—seraphic song !  
Now mingling, melting, floating on,  
Then mounting upward to the skies,  
The light, the song, together rise.

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#### THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

Wake, Israel, wake ! lift up thine eyes, perceive,  
The Lord Jehovah spake, give ear—believe ;  
'Twas He, the promised and the glorious One,  
From heaven came down and hath redemption won.  
"Arm of the Lord," outstretched to all, revealed  
In power, in wisdom, though in form concealed  
From eyes self-blinded, faces turned away  
In hatred, despite, 'gainst the gentle sway

Which sought to guide in lowliness and love.  
The light of prophecy—the heavenly dove—  
Herald of pardon—harbinger of peace—  
Goodwill, that never, never more should cease!  
Israel to save, oh how did He pursue!  
Their ransom was the work He came to do;  
E'en midst rebellion, enmity, and strife,  
For this, the Mighty One, the Lord of life,  
Came to his own. They turned away in scorn,  
Rejected Him, though of their lineage born;  
Rejected Him, who, moved with pity, came  
To bear for them the ban of guilt and shame;  
For them, to be afflicted, tortured, grieved,  
Of home, of help, of sympathy bereaved.  
And didst thou Israel deed so dark behold,  
Nor feel thy cheek turn pale, thy heart's-blood cold,  
When He, the best-beloved of thy God,  
Sank, bending, bleeding, 'neath thine iron rod;  
Pierced by the cruel thorns which clasped His brow,  
Scourged, mocked, and buffeted? Say, couldst thou *now*  
Behold Him led to Calvary's lone mount,  
Nailed to the cross of shame on thy account?  
Stricken, denounced, 'mid yell of lawless bands,  
Condemned and crucified by murderous hands;  
Yet, even in the agonies of death,  
Pleading for Israel. Yea, His last-drawn breath  
Implored forgiveness. It was finished then!  
He could no more, for foes or guilty men.  
Satan and sin had spent their fellest rage  
Vengeance to wreak, and furiously to wage  
Their bold defiance 'gainst heaven's high behest,  
In fiendish malice, Satan's crowning test.

But lo ! the mighty thunder pealing round,  
The hard rock rending, earth's deep writhing sound,  
And blackness gathering like an outspread pall,  
Shrouding o'er Calvary, and in its fall,  
Hearts that ne'er quailed before, strong, fierce, unbent,  
Hot and athirst, on savage deeds intent,  
Pouring out impious yells, like bursting flame,  
E'en on the dying, as they smote His frame ;  
Aye, these, beneath an all-compelling stroke  
Were felled to earth ; their shouts by terror broke.  
Spirits appalled ! the gasping soldier cried  
" Truly this was the Son of God." Then hide  
The fallen head of stubborn unbelief,  
Break the stern fetters of the fiery chief—  
The glory of Messiah hasteth fast !  
His advent of humility is past !  
His loving hand is o'er thee like a shield,  
Mighty to save. Israel, yield, oh yield !  
Wake and rejoice, light gleameth o'er thy head,  
Darkness must flee away ; this light hath sped  
From east to west, o'er regions vast, remote ;  
From shore to shore, the blessed tidings float,  
Of man's redemption. Oh how dearly bought !  
Sealed on the cross—for Jew and Gentile—wrought  
With the heart's-blood of Jesus. That was love  
Of depth unfathomable, so to move  
Heaven's conclave. But no finite theme can trace  
What then befel throughout celestial space,  
Save, that the Majesty on high looked down  
In deepest sympathy ; then laid his crown  
And panoply aside ; at once became  
The Man of sorrow, suffering, and shame ;

A heavy load, *our* guilt ; and *all* was there,—  
Alone, to expiate, alone, to bear ;  
That heavy load, rebellious man had heaped  
On his own head. In sin and misery steeped,  
No mortal power from such abyss could merge,  
So thick the darkness, and so black the surge  
Gnashing and foaming 'gainst the barrier rock  
That would have refuged, would have stayed the shock  
Of those wild waves defiancing ; but no,  
In fury spent they plunged to depths below,  
'Mid fiends, and flames, and never-ending woe. }  
Loud the demoniac shout, the maddening cry  
"Away with," "Crucify him!" "Let him die!"  
Yet not the deep-hewn cave, the ponderous stone,  
The strong-armed sentinel with spear upthrown,  
Nor death itself could hold the conqueror there,  
For "Christ is risen" both heaven and earth declare.  
Lo ! a bright seraph, in his silvery tone,  
Proclaims the triumph and the victory won ;  
Points to the broken seal, the vacant tomb,  
The unlocked portal, and the caverned gloom,  
Radiant with glory, echoing the voice  
Of the angelic messenger "rejoice!"  
Hear it, O Judah, be thou lifted up,  
Behold the golden sceptre and the cup  
Of sweet salvation, erst the cup of woe,  
Of wrath, and trembling ; to its overflow  
Teeming with sin—the sin of all mankind—  
Those bitter dregs, yet none were left behind ;  
No, they were all wrung out. And it was He,  
Thy own Messiah, wrung them out for thee !

He came in mercy, and in pity sought  
His wandering sheep. Oh how He loved, and wrought,  
And watched, and wept, and prayed amid that shade,  
Which, darkness covered ; silence, deeper made ;  
That, was the travail of His soul—our shame  
Borne by the “Lord of Righteousness.”—His name,  
Writ by His prophet on the holy page,  
Unchanged, untarnished ; still, from age to age  
Onward it passeth ; the “Incarnate Word”  
“Israel’s Shepherd” is, and “Israel’s Lord !”  
The “Everlasting One,” the “Prince of Peace,”—  
His kingdom never, never more to cease !  
The Glorified—He, from His throne above, —  
Looketh on *thee*, with more than brother-love,  
Looketh on *thee*, for whom He mourned and died,  
Looketh on *thee*—’twas grief for Him to chide ;  
Waiting to bless His long-sought, chosen race,  
In New Jerusalem, His own bright place,  
Shining prepared for His redeemed flock  
Within celestial gates, where those who knock  
And plead with Him to be admitted there,  
In hope and faith, may banish every fear ;  
For at the bidding of their priest and king,  
The pearly gates unfold. He hath passed in,  
And saith in love-redeeming accents, “Come  
“Ye blessed of my Father, this, your home,  
“Its many mansions, all, are given to me,  
“That ye where your Redeemer is may be.  
“Here, is the tree immortal, which doth give  
“The golden fruit, ye now may eat and live ;  
“Here, flow the sparkling waters of delight,  
“Drink ye of them, nor tremble at the sight.”

When earth becomes a wreck, and seas have fled,  
Nor depths nor caves in thraldom hold the dead,  
When every region sends forth every race  
To meet the great Jehovah, face to face ;  
And when the startling call " come forth " they hear,  
What soul without its Saviour dare appear ?  
But He is there ; and lo ! before Him stand  
A myriad throng, a countless, mingled band.  
But who yon suppliant ? wherefore doth he wait ?  
Why doth he crouch and tremble at the gate ?  
" We know him not, we know not whence he came,"  
The book is searched, but *there* is not his name ;  
" I know thee not, thou canst not wear this crown,"  
The Saviour turns—the lost one passeth down !  
The vials are poured out—the judgment o'er—  
The gate for ever closed, and time no more.

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### SALVATION.

Through earth's expanse its echoes ring,  
The highest descant seraphs sing  
Came wafted on an angel's wing,  
The glorious word, Salvation !

From western shores to eastern lands,  
Upborne with voices, hearts, and hands,  
O'er foaming waves and burning sands,  
The glorious word, Salvation !

How beautiful the steps of him,  
In valley deep, on mountain dim,  
His great, his everlasting theme—  
The glorious word, Salvation !

Onward he goes, the Cross to bear,  
The name of Jesus to declare,  
Tells of the love that wrought it there,  
The glorious word, Salvation !

Lift up thy heart, poor child of night !  
Lift up thine eye, behold the light !  
O joyful sound ! O joyful sight,  
The glorious word, Salvation !

For it doth set the captive free,  
And it hath said to Satan, “ flee ; ”  
It calleth “ come ye all to me, ”  
That glorious word, Salvation !

Amen—Lord Jesus, be it so ;  
May all in sin and darkness go  
The way, the life, in truth to know.  
Hail, glorious word, Salvation !

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## DRINK OF THESE WATERS.

Come, O thou fainting soul, to me,  
Behold this crystal flood ;  
Trust in that Saviour, who, for thee  
In anguish shed his blood.

Come to these waters ; pure, and bright,  
And far, and wide, they roll ;  
In streams of love, and life, and light,  
To every contrite soul.

Nor gold nor silver I require,  
No ! every drop is free ;  
Poor trembling sinners ! my desire  
Is " Come ye all to Me ! "

Fear not, thou troubled, drooping heart,  
Nor sink in dire dismay ;  
Drink of these waters, and depart  
" Rejoicing on thy way."

## DEATH.

From its earth-born cares, its earth-born woes,  
The spirit hath fled to its bright repose ;  
Yet mourn we, though the spirit we love  
Is winging its way to the realms above.  
Ah ! those hearts will grieve, and those eyes will weep,  
Which gaze on the features in death's pale sleep ;

So awfully calm—so darkly serene—  
Where light once glowed, and where life hath been.  
With an icy chill, a shuddering start,  
We touch the shrine of the beatless heart,  
Impulsed with feeling's electric ray  
Till swept by the hand of death away.  
How we muse on the sweet seraphic brow,  
That mirror of mind, where even now  
A heavenly radiance seemeth to shine  
In the beauty of holiness—solemn, divine !  
While the gleam which hallowed the parting breath,  
Hath softly touched those lips in death—  
'Tis a halo of glory, reflected, hath stole  
O'er the face of the dead, from its parted soul.  
Then why do we drop on the clay-cold bier  
Of a spirit in heaven, affliction's tear ?  
It is sweet, it is soothing, such tear to shed  
In silence, and by a loved one's death-bed.  
It is blessed to pray, for such prayer will arise  
Like Sion's dew to the evening skies.  
Ah ! may not that loved one be hovering nigh,  
Receiving the prayer, the tear, the sigh,  
And wafting them up, on the wings of love  
To the regions of mercy and peace above ?  
It is sweet to dream that a spirit so dear  
May, unseen, descend from its blissful sphere,  
Watch over our dark, sublunary day,  
And our footsteps guide in their heavenly way.

## IMMORTALITY.

'Tis passed—the gate of death—the soul is free ;  
Then wherefore weep dear hallowed shade for thee ?  
'Tis nature's tribute—incense sweet to heaven,  
Or to the heart such feelings were not given.  
And if we mourn, 'tis not in hopeless sorrow ;  
'Mid present darkness gleams the brighter morrow.  
A voice celestial whispers in the ear,  
"Sleeping in death, to wake in Glory's sphere."  
Robes of the purest white, and crowns of gold,  
Await the ransomed—joys unseen, untold.  
Love, all-redeeming, opes the immortal gate,  
Angels, rejoicing, at its portals wait :  
There, 'midst the full resplendent bliss of heaven,  
There, dwells the spirit, sanctified, forgiven !  
There, Faith uplifts her deep seraphic eye,  
There, Hope is pointing to her star on high.  
In faith, in hope we stand, for God's behest,  
Spirit beloved ! to share thy heavenly rest.

## SIN AND SORROW.

Turn not thy tender mercy, Lord,  
From sin and sorrow's child,  
But let thy soul-reviving word  
Come down in accents mild.

Where can the sinner look for grace,  
But in a Saviour's love ?  
Where can the mourner look for peace,  
Save to its fount above ?

The sorrowing and the sinning, too,  
Low at thy footstool bend ;  
Like Gilead's balm—like Hermon's dew.  
Let pardon—peace descend.

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### HEAVENLY LOVE.

Bright is the glorious star of the morning,  
Bright are the dew-gems which glow at the dawning ;  
But O how transcendent that brightness above,  
The brightness, *eternal*, of Heavenly love !

The spirit, oppressed with its sin and its sorrow,  
In the depth of its grief sees no light for the morrow ;  
When lo, from that pure hallowed fountain above,  
Beams the brightness, *eternal*, of Heavenly love !

The love which is *earthly*—how transient its stay,  
As a gleam o'er the desert it passeth away ;  
But through life, unto death, 'mid the regions above,  
*Eternal*, the brightness of Heavenly Love !

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

When trials—tribulations come,  
Shall mortals dare complain?  
The pathway to their heavenly home  
Is—trial, grief, and pain.

What wilderness so drear, so dread,  
As that the Saviour trod?  
Whence all, save sin and Satan fled,  
To try the Son of God. .

What mortal suffering, mortal woe,  
Like that which Christ hath borne?  
The conflict of His life below—  
Its agony, its scorn?

The cross of anguish and of shame—  
On that the Saviour died;  
The impious smote His tortured frame,  
And pierced His sacred side.

When trials—tribulations come,  
Shall mortals dare complain?  
The pathway to their heavenly home  
Is—trial, grief, and pain.

## THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.

Prayer hath been made for thee, with thee,  
Thou zealous one and true ;  
Blessing be on thy ministry,  
Like Sion's *morning* dew  
*Ascending* to the purple sky ;  
Thus may thy soul's desire  
Be wasted to the courts on high  
By that seraphic choir,  
Who, in their golden censers, keep  
The prayer, the sigh, the tear,  
Of hearts that mourn, and eyes that weep,  
When none save God can hear.  
Thine, is that fervent, deep-drawn prayer,  
Pleading alike for all ;  
With thee, may all its blessing share,  
Responsive to thy call.  
May it, thou zealous one and true,  
Though but a human thought,  
*Return*, like Sion's *evening* dew,  
With sweetest unction fraught.

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## THE MARINER'S REST.

Hark ! a shriek, a wail—  
And they tell of mortal woe ;  
They come with the fitful gale,  
Then back they seem to go,  
Down to the mighty deep,  
For ever there to sleep.

Hush ! and are they past ?  
Wild waves still lash the shore ;  
And roars the raging blast,  
But these are heard no more—  
Gone to the mighty deep,  
For ever there to sleep.

Peace ! its strife is o'er,  
The troubled soul is blest ;  
On a celestial shore  
The mariner doth rest—  
Gone to the mighty deep,  
His woes for ever sleep.

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## THE WARRIOR CHIEF.

SELECTED AND COMPOSED FOR "PRINCE ALBERT'S  
GALLERY OF MUSIC."

" Roll on, roll on proud wave,  
" From thy bright and burning shore,  
" Bring back my warrior chief  
" With the palm wreath on his brow,  
" In his heart a cherished vow  
" From his fond Isabel to part no more."

A barque comes o'er the sea,  
On the proud waves gaily borne,  
A warrior chief she brings  
With the palm wreath on his brow,  
In his heart a cherished vow,  
And broken lance, and plumed helmet torn.

She flies—that gallant barque—  
Like a sea bird to the shore,  
Forth bounds a warrior chief  
With the palm wreath on his brow,  
In his heart a cherished vow  
From his fond Isabel to part no more.

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## THE SYRIAN BRIDE.

On the occasion of the Marriage of the Maharajah Duleep Sing,  
to a young Christian Lady of Alexandria, June 1864.

She comes to Britain's Isle,  
Comes, from her shining place,  
Comes, with her sunny smile,  
Comes, with her *Christian* grace.

Hers, the first glow of youth,  
Hers, the unshadowed brow,  
Hers, the pure voice of truth,  
Hers, the unshackled vow.

One glance—he could not part,  
One word—she was his own,  
Loved, of his noble heart,  
Pearl, of his princely throne.

Music, her dulcet tone,  
Charms in bounty given,  
Like sunbeams round her thrown,  
Graces of earth and heaven.

Robed with light she is come,  
Light, from the fount above ;  
Light, for her palace home,  
Light, for a generous love.

Lured not, by treacherous guile,  
Won not, by sordid pride ;  
Welcome to Britain's Isle,  
Maharajah's Syrian Bride.

## THE FLOWING TIDE.

I saw the flowing tide  
When the heavens were clear and bright,  
It travelled on, how beauteously !  
'Neath the hush of its glorious might ;  
With softest, sweetest melody, uprose its gentle voice,  
While fancy shaped its cadencing to notes which said  
"rejoice."

Far on that flowing tide  
I beheld a snow-white speck,  
And as it near and nearer came,  
I beheld a prow, a deck ;  
A fair and graceful barque it was, so noiseless in her wake,  
She glided like a home-bird to her calm and placid lake.

I saw the flowing tide  
Beneath dark enshrouding skies,  
The broken billows rushing on,  
As a hunted wolf-herd flies ;  
In wildness lifting up on high their raging, thundering  
voice,  
No soothing tones responding to that blessed word  
"rejoice."

Far on that flowing tide  
I saw,—'twas a lone black speck,  
Like a spent sea-horse, on it came,  
But no sail, no prow, no deck ;  
A huge log, heaving, battling, till it could strive no more,  
And then a pause, a bound, a crash, and then, the wreck  
ashore !

## THE EVENING STAR.

How bright and beautiful—when in the skies  
Thou art enthroned. Hearts wake and thoughts arise :  
Thoughts, free from earthly dross and earthly care,  
To heaven upborne, on wings of praise and prayer ;  
In rapture lost, fixed in some bright abode,  
Devotion's incense at the throne of God.  
And O when thus released from mortal strife—  
The sins, the tumults, and the woes of life,  
O that to earth again they should return,  
With folly mingle, and with passion burn.  
Yet, can such thoughts descend, without one ray  
Of light celestial to illumine their way ?  
Can we in contemplation lift our eye,  
Behold the wonders of a deepening sky,  
The silence and the majesty of night,  
The glorious splendour of its sparkling height,  
The deep, mute mystery of that still hour—  
Say, hath it not a holiness, a power  
To soothe and sanctify, beneath thy glow,  
Sweet Evening Star, our sunless path below ?

Thou beauteous orb ! thy soft and silvery beam,  
Shedding its lone glance on the slumbering stream,  
Brings to the mind reflection,—would its light  
Were like thine own, so calmly, purely bright ;  
But Memory, Memory comes, a spectral shade,  
Her eye in tears, her heart in grief arrayed,  
For ah, those blossoms, blushing with the dawn,  
Had faded, flown, almost before the morn

Had from their chalice chased the vernal dew,  
Radiant with every lively, lovely hue.  
Such are too oft the visions she doth bring—  
Sad Memory—like the blighted wreaths of spring ;  
Yet hath she look, and smile, and word, and voice,  
Revealing what erst made the heart rejoice.  
And while we gaze, sweet Evening Star, on thee,  
Our spirits soar to bright eternity.

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#### THE BRIDAL OF PHŒBUS AND DAY.

Young Day peeps forth from her silvery lair,  
Glancing softly down, like a lady fair

For her bridal watching—and so is she ;  
Lo the bridegroom comes, in gorgeous array,  
To claim his betrothed, as the Lord of Day.

And when he appears, with his shining crest,  
How gently she yields to his high behest—

She bends in his presence her modest head ;  
And as she glides on by his glorious side,  
He gives his first look to the fair young bride.

Together, they traverse ethereal space,  
Phœbus in grandeur, and Day in her grace ;  
Pure azure her robe—his crown brightest gold.  
O children of earth wou'd languish and die,  
If clouds were not sometimes to shadow the sky.

From her, if his beams are withdrawn,—O then  
In sadness she droops till they shine again ;  
For only one light can gladden her heart.  
Though zephyrs come wafting in rich perfume,  
They cheer not the depth of her sorrow and gloom.

When she weeps, how precious her tears of grief !  
How tenderly pillowed by flower and leaf !

Yet often, too often, swept roughly afar.  
But tears have a language, and hearts they sway,  
And the lofty subdue 'mid life's proud way.

On those trembling tears, Phœbus gazed awhile ;  
Those pure crystal drops—and then with a smile,  
Which touched a rainbow 'twixt earth and heaven,  
Transformed them to gems, on leaflet and flower,  
That had shrined those tears in Day's weeping hour.

Transcendant in glory, they travelled in might,  
Rejoicing that all things, illumined by their light,  
Looked gladsome and gay. From garden and grove  
Soft wavings uprose, in fragrance and play,  
To welcome their presence, and bow to their sway.

In panoplied car, with his gentle bride,  
Not a frown to chill, nor rude breath to chide,  
The Lord of Day guides her down to the west ;  
His pavilion of gold and purple there,  
With its curtains of dew, and balmy air.

Then hushed by lone silence to calm repose,  
Twilight, her veil around them throws ;

Awakening stars their vigils keep,  
And 'tis said, in their celestial sphere,  
Whisper music which none but angels hear.

## HOMeward.

Homeward, homeward, gallant ship,  
Speed swiftly on thy way ;  
There is one who watcheth from dawn to dark,  
On the shore of bright Mount's-bay.

The gentle wavelets, passing on,  
In gladness seem to say,  
" We have swept the track of a homeward ship,  
" And she steers to bright Mount's-bay."

Stay not her bounding, lightsome course ;  
Slack not her proud white sails ;  
Like a Bird of the Breezes, waft her on,  
Ye loving western gales.

A ship, a ship, is nearing fast,  
Or is it a gleam of light ?  
Oh, no ! to the wave she bends her prow ;  
A war-ship is full in sight !

Yet watcheth still the far-bent eye,  
Nor turns the lifted head ;  
Will she see her heart's beloved again ?  
Or sleepeth he with the dead ?

Signals are waving to and fro,  
Waving from ship and from shore ;  
Footsteps, that erst were pacing there,  
Are still—their traverse is o'er.

The gallant ship, how calm she rests,  
Her signals and sails all furled ;  
In her quiet repose, majestic, still,  
A queen on the ocean world !

A brave one, He, who hasteth down  
The height of that tall ship's side ;  
A brave one—who left, when the war flag rose,  
His home and his promised bride.

Off, the boat ; as she skims along,  
Her oars are pearling the spray ;  
Their stroke hath ceased, the boat is aground,  
On the shore of bright Mount's-bay.

One bound—he stands at Edith's side,  
Her clasping hands in his own ;  
While joy doth set on their plighted troth,  
A new link from her silvery zone.

That heaven-wrought link of Wedded Love,  
The vow made firm for ever ;  
Mountains and seas may intervene,  
But only death can sever.

Its light nor time nor fate can dim,  
'Mid the storm or calm of life's day ;  
Those parted ones 'neath that light have met,  
On the shore of bright Mount's-bay.

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CASTLE HORNECK GARDENS,  
NEAR PENZANCE.

Once more I greet ye, venerable shades,  
With pilgrim step that meets no echoing fall ;  
And, save in fancied, unshaped whispering,  
Mute the responding voices wont to chime  
Their kindred notes in gentlest harmony.

Oh ! they were hours of joy,  
When in kind unison we traversed here ;  
The leafy shadows dancing round our feet ;  
The sparkling waters boldly bounding on,  
Perchance to sleep, for aye, in some lone dell.  
It was life's spring time then—friendship's young day—  
For childhood hath its sympathy and love ;  
That love, that sympathy, which needs no thrall  
To hold the link which bindeth heart to heart.  
Two joyous ones, in this their golden day,  
Within these happy precincts often wiled  
Their playful moments ; mindless, that beyond,  
The track lay wild and drear. Oh, it is well  
That such foreshadowings are hid from sight ;  
Or very childhood would be merged in grief.  
But gladness gives to sombreous hues a light,  
To every leaf a voice. How little recked  
Are coming storms, beneath the bright blue heaven !  
No direful bodings then, all seemed so fair,  
The future so irradiate ; no shades,  
Save those umbrageous, sheltering, and kind.  
But storms were gathering, and on they came,

Darkening, deepening ; and o'er the fairy scene  
Threw a broad 'scutcheon, marred with saddest hues.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time wendeth on, with monitory course ;  
The mound, the tablet, and the dark grey stone  
Telling of life's brief story—life's brief day.  
Amid the ancients of these honoured groves,  
Many a bold centurion hath succumbed ;  
Where stood the fathers, stand the scions now,  
And where their arching shadows veiled the sky,  
Light gleams ; while youthful voices, bounding steps,  
Betoken gladness. O how sweet to hail  
The sight, the sound, of re-awakened joy!  
Forth from their olden halls, age after age,  
How many generations have passed on !  
Still be, from age to age, in goodly fame,  
Their name and lineage right onward borne—  
Maintained, the shield so rich in brave device—  
And learned lore adorn the storied page—  
Nor only these ; be the heart rich in all  
That dignifies an ancestral name,  
Those holy graces, guardians of the gate !  
Those quenchless lamps, which make in every home  
A shrine for happiness, and peace, and love !

\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell ye bright green shades, mourn not the past,  
Rejoice in this thy day.

The pilgrim's foot  
May leave no trace ; but the last theme she breathes  
Is fond remembrance, and God speed, to all  
Who o'er this fair domain hold loving sway.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND DURING SEVERE  
ILLNESS.

Dear Anna ! since our parting day,  
How many suns have rolled away  
    Unseen, unfelt by thee !

Yet though long banished from thy view,  
Is fond remembrance banished too ?  
    Ah no ! for oft I see,

From thy wan face the placid smile,  
Turned beaming on thy friend awhile,  
    When last her eye beheld thee ;  
And now—when sorrowing, mute, and lone—  
Like sunset on a ruin thrown,  
    That smile seems still upon me.

Kind heaven forbid ! yet should I ne'er  
Behold thee, in this earthly sphere,  
    To sorrow's hallowed gloom,  
That look, that smile, shall with me go ;  
And every tear more softly flow,  
    Around thy sainted tomb.

---

TO MY SISTER,  
ON THE TWENTY-FIRST RETURN OF HER BIRTHDAY.

Swift is the foot of Time ! how fast  
Thy circling hours and years have past !  
How mixed the weft with weal and woe,  
In this frail tenement below !  
Many bright visions swept away  
Like blossoms in a stormy day !  
Many a blooming, rosy band,  
Despoiled by Death's all-gathering hand,  
Alas ! and when the flower is ta'en,  
What recks, that leafless branch remain !  
Giving to memory's aching sight  
The wreck alone of past delight.  
Mark ye, how swift to come and go  
The rainbow's bright and varied glow ?  
Thus varied our sublunar day—  
Thus bright to gleam, then pass away !

\* \* \* \* \*

A sister's hand doth now essay  
To weave a votive, loving lay ;  
And if no magic skill it trace,  
No golden power, no silvery grace—  
Affection doth with every line,  
A fond, a heart-felt wish entwine,  
Invoking health, and joy, and peace,  
Till years and hours on earth shall cease—  
Till, wafted up, on wings of love,  
To *endless* years and hours above !

## A WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

Thou home of my fathers ! land of my birth !  
Dearest and happiest region of earth !  
I leave thee at Loyalty's, Honor's behest,  
For Glory—the light of a warrior's breast ;  
Yet, can I forget thee ? Oh can I forget ?

No, never ! in weal or in woe  
The sun of remembrance never can set,  
But will follow wherever I go.

And thou, from whose soul comes Affection's warm  
smile,  
If pleasure and happiness spread their soft wile—  
And if, when from home and from thee I'm away,  
If music and mirth make thee gladsome and gay—  
Forget me not, Mary ! Oh do not forget

There is one, love, devoted to thee ;  
And thou, in the heart of a warrior art kept,  
Like a pearl in the deep of the sea !

A PIC-NIC PARTY  
TO THE LAND'S END, AND PENBERTH COVE.

One fine summer day, a very social and agreeable company repaired to the Land's End and Penberth Cove to spend a few hours—right gay and gladsome ones they were—amidst the grandeur and beauty of nature, in a locality too celebrated and well known to be, by me, extolled or described beyond the notations of the following recital, which is no fiction.

THE GATHERING.

When morn uprose, the sun looked bright  
On proud Saint Michael's castled height,  
And though sweet Alverne vale slept, still,  
Fresh came the breeze from Madron hill ;  
And many a maiden young and fair  
Peeped forth to catch fresh-woken air.  
Wide were the gates and portals thrown,  
And, though no gathering blast was blown,  
At nine a.m., obedient, true,  
Assembled all the happy crew ;  
And Castle Horneck's ample green  
Became a busy, bustling scene,  
For mingled there, in proud array,  
Stood prancing steeds, and chariots gay.  
When all were mounted—all were stowed,  
Forth onward to the western road,  
Down a long avenue of shade,  
Trotted the Pic-Nic cavalcade ;

And never, sure, saw western eye  
A train that e'er with that might vie.  
Some steeds were black, and some were grey,  
And some were roan, and some were bay ;  
The ladies, all, were young and fair,  
Black eyes and blue, were glancing there !  
While gaily, gallantly, beside,  
Each rival knight and squire did ride ;  
Some dight in coats of truest blue,  
And some in Lincoln's verdant hue.  
But *he* who drove the cabriolet,  
*O his* was of the Oxford grey !  
Two chariots next of golden sheen,  
Full fraught with lovely dames were seen—  
But o'er the hills, out-distanced far  
By a triumphal, light-wheeled car !  
Thus marshalled, moved the Pic-Nic train,  
Till they arrived on Sennen Plain.

## THE RACE.

To her high mettled steed gave fair Anna the rein,  
And swift as Diana flew over the plain,  
While after, like Nimrods, bold, fearless, and fleet,  
Came her gay, dashing escort, most gallant, most meet ;  
When alas ! o'er a dyke tried to leap one young squire,  
And down fell both rider and horse in the mire !  
But ye gods ! vaulting back in the twink of an eye,  
Undaunted, unscathed, he did after them fly.  
Yet still the fair heroine kept in the van,  
Though they whip, spur, and scamper as fast as they  
can ;

For so swift her courser, the race she had won,  
Aye, even if matched 'gainst the steeds of the sun !

#### THE RAMBLE.

Alighting on the heathery moor,  
With *gems* of granite studded o'er,  
The Isles of Scilly peer in sight,  
Like distant shades of gathering night ;  
Perched on an eminence, they stand,  
Knights, squires, and ladies, hand in hand—  
A moment gaze around, below,  
Then slow descending, on they go,  
Adown the verdant, slippery steep,  
Through many an almost pathless creep,  
'Mid rocks by time asunder torn,  
Or foot of searching traveller worn.  
And certes, 'twas a *moving* sight  
To see those not in scrambling plight  
Handed, lifted, hoisted o'er  
The towering rocks that crown the shore ;  
Yet, lucky chance, and rare to tell,  
Not one a broken nose befel !  
And, O ye gallant ones, to you  
The highest meed of praise be due,  
For all the danger, toil, and care,  
Ye braved to rescue ladies fair.

#### THE BANQUET.

Let Italy boast of her cloud-capping mountains,  
Her underground cities, her mystical fountains,

The spot of all spots on the face of this earth,  
Is the little romantical Cove of Penberth !  
Although in a mantle of mist thou wert drest,  
Still Fancy can penetrate, picture the rest,  
And soon with the aid of some genius or muse,  
Enrobe thee in liveliest, loveliest hues.  
But adieu to dame Fancy, for now comes a scene  
To mock all her tasteless vagaries, I ween ;  
A scene that would baffle the art of Soyer,  
And, could I unwing half the birds of the air,  
Or pilfer the pencil of Cruikshank, I ne'er  
With justice and faith could pourtray it, I fear ;  
But anon—to the Banquet I now must repair,  
And recite all the marvellous deeds performed there,  
If I can ; for myself played so active a part,  
I may probably fail in the graphical art ;  
For vain is the skill of a bardling, to trace  
The exquisite *order, precision, and grace*,  
With which were arranged, on an *elegant board*,  
Those delicate viands, well catered and stored.  
To poetize all, would, methinks, rack invention,  
Suffice it that each was *deserving* of mention ;  
And yet there was one *must* be named, by the bye,  
That dainty of dainties, a cold pigeon pie !  
Not less than a covey seemed under the crust,  
And at it there straightway was made such a thrust,  
That, aided together by weapon and tooth,  
Short space was required to despatch it ; forsooth,  
To every palate 'twas seasoned so true,  
That some cried "do give me a pigeon or *two*!"  
Indeed, 'twas a sight most unique, such a party  
Assembled with appetites all keen and hearty,

*Around the square table, abundantly spread,  
Down the sides, in the midst, from the foot to the  
head,*  
Quaffing many libations of Guinness away,  
In goblets of metal, and goblets of clay !  
What matter if Jove did not choose to be gracious,  
And shook his old peruke ; the hall it was spacious,  
The viands were tempting—so tempting, I trow,  
That gladly would *he* have been with us below ;  
And if ladders of rope were the vogue in Olympus,  
Had soon with dame Juno been thundering amidst us,  
And after them all their attendants, en suite,  
Of barefooted, hungry Immortals, to boot ;  
And instead of ambrosia, and nectar divine,  
On beef, pies, and porter, more jovially dine !  
Now, spite of his Godship's "compelling" dark frown,  
And all his endeavours to deluge and drown,  
In Pleasure's bright cup was no gloomy alloy,  
Nor a cloud to o'ershadow the sunshine of Joy ;  
No, Mirth and Hilarity blend, in each bowl,  
The sparkle of wit, with the warmth of the soul !  
No graces, no airs, at Penberth are displayed,  
By "my lady" in Fashion's gay trappings arrayed ;  
In heart-loving zest, and *sans ceremonie*,  
They ate, drank, and laughed, in the spirit of glee !  
With smiles in the morning all joyously met,  
All parted at eve with a sigh of regret.  
The muse who records, now must bid ye farewell,  
Though still on this theme she with rapture could  
dwell—  
Adieu, then, adieu ! long life to ye all,  
In castle, in cottage, in bower, or in hall !

Health, wealth, and good fortune—good husbands, good wives,  
Your solace and joy, to the end of your lives.  
Long, be your appetites piquante and good !  
Long, be as happy, as social your mood !  
And ne'er, while you wander as pilgrims on earth,  
O ne'er be forgotten—The Cove of Penberth.

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### SAINT MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

Enthroned on thy waters, O lovely Mount's-bay !  
Saint Michael doth stand the rough onset and fray  
    Of tempest and billow,  
    Like saint on his pillow,  
Unscathed, and unmoved, beneath castle and crest,  
A gem of creation, the pride of the West !

The annals of centuries bygone, can tell  
Of hard-wrung devotion in closet and cell ;  
    Of dungeon and penance,  
    For sin and repentance,  
Outpouring in anguish, 'mid terror and wail,  
Unheard, rushing on, with the surge and the gale.

Those dire anathemas gone—never more  
To appal the heart-stricken. This ban from our shore,  
    Like the desert's wild blast,  
    Thank heaven ! hath o'erpast ;  
And Saint Michael doth stand as the giant at rest,  
A gem of creation, the pride of the West !

Yes, now in soft silence the undulant wave  
In the deep cavern sleeps, like a child in its grave ;  
    No conflict, no strife,  
    With the ocean of life,  
Whose buffetting storms are the passions' wild throes,  
Which none but the hearts they are breaking can know.

The barque of the fisher floats cheerily on,  
With its twinkling track, o'er the glittering throng,  
    At their summer eve play,  
    'Neath thy waters, Mount's-bay ;  
Where standeth Saint Michael, of ages a test,  
A gem of creation, the pride of the West !

Time hallowed memorial ! we greet thee in love,  
At thy shrine we can lift our orisons above ;  
    No chain clinging round,  
    The cross is unbound—

Our praises may echo, our prayers may arise,  
In freedom and faith from thy rocks to the skies.

Proud banners have waved round thy mystical throne,  
O'erhanging the waters, imperilled, and lone ;  
    The loyal and liege,  
    Braved foemen and siege,  
Where thou art reposing, like warrior at rest,  
A gem of creation, the pride of the West !

## THE LAND OF THE WEST.

I sing the praise of Cornish Land,  
Proud barnier of the west ;  
Thy old grey hills, thy smiling coombes,  
In robes of verdure dressed.

A beauteous spot in Britain's realm,  
Where nature loves to dwell ;  
'Mid balmy airs, and fragrant flowers,  
Within her own sweet cell.

Where Flora holds her festal court, \*  
Led on by gentle May,  
With footsteps light, with brows enwreathed  
Fresh for her gala day.

There dwell the generous and the free,  
Let weal or woe befall ;  
United, they, a brother band,  
Their motto "one and all." \*

As time and tide flow ceaseless on,  
So they in faith and zeal ;  
When noble hearts should zealous be,  
When noble hearts should feel.

A true-born race, Cornubia's sons,  
In spirit and in might ;  
In many an olden tale renowned  
For braveries in the fight,

\* See Note.

For Britain's cause and Britain's crown,  
And so they would again.

The princely son of Britain's Queen  
May of his western men

Be proud to own himself their lord ;  
For they would list the call,  
To rally round, if need should be,  
His banner " one and all."

Rich are the hills, the cairns, and caves,  
In legend and in lore ;  
Aye, writ in many an ancient page,  
Their spell-wrought deeds of yore.

No lack, was there, in bygone time,  
Of saintly men, and wise ;  
The rocks and oaks their temples then,  
Beneath the western skies.

They have gone down to deep repose,  
But shade and shrine remain ;  
In reverence held—while circling round,  
Stands many a goodly fane,

Illumed by olden bright records,  
With pride and honor named,  
Thy glorious sons of Cornish land,  
For genius, science, famed.

Nor be forgot, those gentler ones,  
Whose ministering hand,  
And christian graces, bless thy homes ;  
The Daughters of the land !

So link by link, the chain goes on,  
They own, they love its thrall ;  
And it is e'en a talisman,  
It binds them, "one and all."

Hail to thy granite girdled shores,  
Proud guardians of the west !  
Thy lofty tols, thy carns, and caves,  
And Logan's towering crest.

Oh that my hand were meet to trace  
'For thee, a nobler lay ;  
Or guerdon give, or music wake,  
That might not pass away.

There is, for *me*, one lasting theme,  
That never can depart ;  
Hallowed memorials that cling,  
Like spells, around the heart.

Bright scenes and welcomes, farewell !  
My future leads afar ;  
But through life's shadowy, fitful wane,  
Thou, art its evening star !

Land of the West ! the last lone word,  
That word, 'tis grief to tell,  
Comes blended with my latest prayer—  
God speed to thee ! "FAREWELL."

THE END.

## NOTES TO "THE LAND OF THE WEST."

## I.

"Where Flora holds her festal court,"—an annual and ancient festival celebrated at Helston on the eighth of May, in which all classes participate. Music and Dancing are to be seen and heard in the streets and in the houses from dawn till dark. One particular tune, and one particular figure, mark that homage and honor which, from age to age has been perpetuated by the loving denizens of Helston, whose hearts, hands, and homes give welcome to relatives, friends, and visitors from far and near, rendering it an occasion of repilon and hospitality. The festivities conclude with a Public Ball, when the Assembly Room is profusely decorated with wreaths, garlands, and bouquets. The young ladies also appear with the same appropriate garniture tastefully intermingled with their white muslin dresses, and in their hair. Altogether, "The Flora Day" is a most inspiring and picturesque scene.

## II.

"Their motto—'one and all,'"—an old adaptation, as far back, at least, as the Civil Wars of England; probably a rallying call for union and unity, which to this very day are proverbial, both in those public and social amenities, so characteristic of "one and all" in the Land of the West.

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